

IN QUIET TOBAGO

West Indian Island the Home of Many Birds.

Species of Some of the Most Beautiful Feathered Creatures in the World Are There.

In the little island of Tobago, the ward of Trinidad in the West Indies and lying to the northwest, birds are seen at their best and are tame enough to be studied easily, writes Dudley S. Corlett in the Los Angeles Times.

At sunset one may see the regular formations of flamingoes, like a rosy cloud, heading for the mainland of Venezuela. Along the shore the pelicans are numerous—clumsy and of dull plumage, that sail all day up and down the margin of the shore watching for fish. They drop down with tremendous velocity, and opening wide their great bills sweep the fish into the pouch which acts as a sein. Then they raise their heads from the sea so that the water may drain from the pouch and leave the fish in the proper position for swallowing. The little gulls perch on their heads awaiting for any chance bits that may fall from an over-full pouch.

In the dark mangrove swamps one sees the gray heron, white egret, bittern and coot. The gorgeous macaw in his blue and yellow or red and green livery is only a rare visitor from the mainland, but there are flocks of green parrots and noisy parakeets in every forest glade. Toucans, glossy black, with long-curved bills and yellow crests, chatter from the tree tops, and woodpeckers, red and green, wake the forest silences with their ceaseless work. In the dark bamboo glades may be seen the shy "king of the forest," with his cap of peacock sheen, russet-red breast and long racy tail. With him will be the iridescent bronze bee-eater, floating in the sun as he darts after the insect prey, and the golden orioles build their long hanging nests of woven grass from the moss-hung branches of the zamman trees.

There are not many songsters, save a mocking bird, the black and yellow "touch-yah" and some of the tiny sugar and grass birds. And lastly there is what is perhaps the most attractive of all—the bluebird—the bird of happiness. Cobalt is his head and back, soft gray-blue his breast, and he feasts on the ripest fruits or hops unafraid and into the house after stray beetles. Tobago should adopt the bluebird as its crest, for in the faces of the people shine the gift of happiness, whether it be in the bronzed features of the white planters who have elected to lead the simple life on this little island, or whether it be on the shining black faces of the negroes. As Tobago was a British possession when Trinidad was still Spanish, there are hardly any French or Spanish creoles, and most of the estates belong to the descendants of old Scotch families.

Appeals to Adventurous.

Though some of those who know the polar regions develop a kind of love for them, the experience of two British explorers who spent a year on an Antarctic island with no shelter but an overturned boat must have been a severe test of whatever affection they may have had for those latitudes. T. W. Bagshawe, geologist, and Lieutenant C. M. Lester, navigating officer, had provisions, dogs and scientific instruments to keep them company when their companions sailed north, leaving the two to make observations. The return expedition fell into financial difficulties and sent a rescue ship back only in the nick of time. Besides a scientific interest, ventures into the far north and the far south probably are actuated by what one may call a sporting impulse. With them it is a game. They return again and again, and with success comes a genuine liking for the icy seas and archipelagos, such as led Stefansson to call the northern polar region "the friendly arctic."—New York Sun.

Irish "O" Not an Abbreviation.

That the apostrophe, like the hyphen, is a recent intrusion is the statement of Francis O'Sullivan (sic), author of the Irish romance, "The Portion of a Champion." "The 'o,'" he says, "is not a contraction of 'of' as popularly supposed. It is a contraction of the Irish 'ua' meaning 'the descendant of.' Also the 'o' should not be capitalized except when the Christian name is omitted."

The word "tigh" following the author's name, signifies "of the house," and it is the traditional designation of his family as distinguished from others of the O'Sullivan clan. In private life the author is just plain Sullivan, but he thinks that to print it so on the title page of his Fifth century romance would be anachronism.

Women Leave Cambridge.

As a result of the action of the senate of Cambridge university denying woman students equal privileges and rights with men, some women are leaving for Oxford, where the status of the sexes is equal. According to the decision of the senate, the students of Girton and Newnham colleges may not become members of the university, although they are entitled to titular degrees conferred by diploma. A compromise measure, under which women were to be admitted to a limited membership, including eligibility to professorship with restrictions and a measure of self-government, was defeated by the vote of the university senate.

HINT TO "SUCCESS SEEKERS"

"Cultivate the Thrifty, You May Need Their Savings," Is Advice Given by Humorist.

Honesty and industry are requisite of success in business. The young man who is determined to become very wealthy must therefore cultivate persons who are honest and industrious, writes Don Marquis in the New York Sun. Honest and industrious persons are very apt to believe in the integrity of others, and this makes it far easier for an enterprising young man to do business with them advantageously than if they were self-seeking and suspicious. Profits are always to be derived from honesty and industry, if the thing is managed cleverly.

Thrifty cannot be too highly commended. Teach all those with whom you come in contact to be saving. You never know when you may need their savings to finance one of your ventures. Analyze any great fortune and you will find that it is built of small savings.

Sobriety cannot be too highly praised. The staid and sober person is dependable. You can count on him receiving a certain calculable income year in and year out; and if you have enough persons of this sort on your list you are building on a solid foundation; there need be nothing haphazard about your methods.

Steadily, so many hours a day, a reliable, specified number of sober methodical persons are piling up for you each his modest proportion of increment, and at stated seasons it becomes yours, just as the apiary gathers a proportion of the honey from the hives. The wastrel may have money at times, and it is usually easy to get it away from him when he has it; but he is not dependable; there will always be occasions when others will get to him first.

Build your own list, and make your relations with the persons on it permanent. It is better in any event never to associate with wastrels. They are not moral persons, and you must become known as a man with moral associations. This is a great help in business.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

William J. Burns, seated at his desk in his Washington office, said during an interview:

"Sometimes, again, we oppose guile with guile. We out-Herod Herod. For example:

"A doctor was visited by a man and a boy. The man said:

"Doctor, this here's my son. His school teacher gave him a whack on the ear yesterday what ruined his hearing. Just write me out a paper, will you, so as I can claim damages?" "The doctor saw at a glance that he had a case of fraud before him. He tried all kinds of noises on the boy, but nothing would make the well-coached youngster hear him. So finally he looked into the injured ear with a little mirror, saying at the same time in a whisper to his assistant:

"Dear me, it's as I thought. The whole organ seems to be destroyed. I can't see very well inside, though. Hand me that large knife, please, so that I can cut the outer ear off."

"With a yell like a Comanche Indian the boy dashed out of the room, and that was the end of the case against the school teacher."

Cow Moose Skilful Boxer.

In the northern and western forest regions of Canada the snow piles deeply throughout the winter. In these forests roams the king of the deer family, the moose. To combat the high-piling drifts, the animals gather in little bands of from three to a dozen head and trample down the snow over certain limited areas. Thus, when the snow lies all around them, from three to eight feet deep, the moose have a small stretch of country packed hard, so they can get around easily to browse off the surrounding trees.

From these "yards," as they are called, the moose are at times driven by wolves or by dogs and men. The animal flounders through the deep snow till it is exhausted, and then proves an easy prey to its pursuers. Though she has no horns, the cow moose possesses dangerous weapons in her two forefeet, which can strike forward with the skill of a boxer and deliver most telling blows.

Steps Planes Cotton Waste.

Cotton waste, which has long been used in cleaning all kinds of machinery, has been banned in the workshops of the Canadian air service. When airplane engines are overhauled and waste is used, the engines have often stopped when they were afterward placed in service.

"These cases have appeared to be due not to waste being accidentally left in the engine parts, but to an accumulation of small pieces of cotton thread that had been left on engine parts after cleaning with waste," says Lieut. Col. E. W. Stedman, director, technical section, Air Board. He urges that commercial companies also prohibit such use of waste.—By Science Service.

"Mechanic" Vs. "Engineer."

Defending the word "engineer" is part of the work of the American Association of Engineers, according to C. E. Drayer, secretary. A corporation using "engineer" when it meant "mechanic." The engineers' organization brought about a change in the title, in connection with protecting the competent engineer "from unjust competition of dabblers and quacks," the association aided in the passing of licensing laws in eight states during the last year.

STRONG IN BODY

Men of Genius by No Means an Unhealthy Lot.

Lives of Many of the World's Greatest Men Show That Mental Power and Strength Go Together.

The popular idea that geniuses are usually physical weaklings or men of poor health is vigorously combated by Prof. Rudolph M. Binder of New York University. As a matter of fact, says Professor Binder, according to the New York Sun, it is only because there has been so much comment about the comparatively few physical weaklings who were geniuses that the tradition has grown that exceptional mental power and bodily weakness are related conditions.

Declaring his belief that there is no weakling genius who would not have been a greater one had he been of sound body, Professor Binder points out that most of the world's greatest geniuses were not only healthy, but often of more than ordinary physical strength.

"Illustrations of this could be extended indefinitely," said Professor Binder, "but it is necessary to mention only a few shining examples down the ages. Let's begin with Socrates. The great philosopher served as a hoplite, which means that he was a member of what we in modern terms would designate as shock troops. He was seventy years old when he was condemned to drink the hemlock."

"Coming down many centuries, Sir Isaac Newton lived to be eighty-five, and was strong and healthy and a hard worker till within a short time of his death. Darwin was born with a rugged constitution, which he ruined by his failure to care for it, but it enabled him to accomplish a remarkable amount of work before he died at the age of seventy-three."

"If proof were needed that Herbert Spencer was born with an iron constitution it would be provided by that incident of his boyhood when at the age of thirteen he walked 48 miles one day, 47 the second and 20 the third, and with very little food during the three days. Spencer is another man who injured his health by the lack of care of himself, but if he had not been naturally strong he would not have lived to be eighty-three."

"Even Shakespeare who died at fifty-two, might be said to have lived a good life considering the amount of work he did as playwright, actor and manager. Goethe, an exceedingly busy man, was in good health almost to the time of his death at eighty-three."

"Of the four probably most famous Italians Dante lived to be only fifty-eight, but his life was one of arduous labor; Leonardo da Vinci, an athlete who outstripped far younger men in feats of strength, was nearly sixty-seven; Michelangelo worked furiously most of his ninety years, and Galileo enjoyed good health till his death at seventy-eight."

"It was because the population as a whole was strong in body that Athens produced such a remarkable number of geniuses in the days of its glory, and if we want to increase the number of geniuses in the world today the way to accomplish it is to improve the health of all the people."

Flowers Unfold in Four Series.

A flower is usually made up of four different kinds of parts, arranged in circles, or whorls, one within the other. Outmost are the sepals, making up the calyx; they are usually firm and green. They protect the bud and steady the opened flower. Next comes the petals, making up the corolla; they are usually delicate and colored, often fragrant and often making nectar; they thus attract insect visitors, and they are also useful in protecting the even more important parts further in.

The third whorl consists of the red-like stamens, whose heads or anthers make the golden yellow fertilizing dust or pollen. The innermost parts of the fourth tier are the carpels, which bear microscopic egg cells, each of which, if fertilized, will develop into an embryo plant; or, to put it in another way, the carpels bear possible seeds or ovules, which become real seeds when the fertilizing golden dust penetrates into them.

London's Literary Nights.

Literary evening institutes have been established by the London county council for persons older than eighteen years of age. These institutes do not undertake any vocational training, but give courses in such subjects as music, including country dances and folk songs; astronomy, biology, horticulture, history, languages, art and modern English literature. The schools are conducted on the co-operative plan, and they carry out the ideas and suggestions of students. Educational visits to places of interest are on the program.

Warmwood.

The kaiser's pet racing yacht was the Germania. He kept it at the Kiel Yacht club and dreamed of world power as it carried him on cruises.

The war changed a lot of things. It changed the name Germania to Half Moon. It also changed the yacht's ownership. Gordon Woodbury of New York owns it now. He starts on the Half Moon for a cruise in the South seas.

When Bill Hobenzollern heard about this at his famous woodpile in Holand, it's a safe bet he broke his jaw.

WOULD PRESERVE OLD HOUSE

Efforts Being Made to Raise Money to Buy Dwelling Dating From Seventeenth Century.

Some who love good things—and happily interest in the architecture of former ages is awakening more and more—are trying to preserve a remarkable old peasant's dwelling at Harreveld, a lonely hamlet on the heather in the province of Gelderland. It is called los luis, dating from the Seventeenth century and the last house of the Saxon type. Los, in the Gelderland dialect, means open, by which it is indicated that the house consists of one room only and that there are no partitions between the places for housing and sleeping for men and beasts; cows and goats and chickens living peacefully together with the inmates. There is no chimneyplace; the wood fire burns in a hole in the floor, which is of stone, and the smoke is allowed to find an outlet as it pleases.

The peasants, man and wife, who are living here are beset with the extremely modern, yet most unfortunate thought of having a wall built between the stable and the dwelling room, adding a chimney and building another room, by all of which renovations the house will be irretrievably spoiled.

The managing committee of the open-air museum at Arnhem are now trying to get money together in order to buy the house and have it removed to their museum park. It is much to be hoped that they will meet with a prompt success.

Variation in Opinion.

One woman was telling another about a birthday gift she had just given her husband, and how she had saved for weeks from her house money to get it. The other woman was shocked:

"Why, Nellie, how could you! I wouldn't dream of giving my husband a present out of his own money! I earned every cent for his Christmas gift, made kimono and dressing sacks for some friends."

And a man, who was near enough to overhear, said to his companion: "If I had a wife like that, I'd frame her."

"I wouldn't want her at any price. She's too good to be true. My old girl cheats me out of every cent she can lay her hands on. I'm used to it. It's one of the rules of the ring. Wouldn't want her to be different."

Which seems to show the variety of opinions—undoubtedly a wise dispensation of nature, since life would be somewhat monotonous if all of us were made in the same mold—like candles. —Washington Star.

How Rodents Spent Nights.

Sprying on the night habits of mice and other small rodents is now occupying the attention of Vernon Bailey of the biological survey of the Department of Agriculture.

He lets some of them sleep on a sleeping porch and flashes a light on them at various times. Others spend the evening with him in the library. Another lot he has placed in a room at outdoor temperature so that he can find out how they hibernate for the winter.

Mr. Bailey is observing a bat in addition to 15 different kinds of rodents that he captured alive in Arizona last spring, and he also is studying his beavers that live at the National Zoological park.

More Appropriate.

The Host of the Gruball Inn—That's a new pennant I had designed to hoist over the inn. What do you think of it?

The Guest—Very pretty. Captain Kidd flew the skull and crossbones.

Stung But Rewarded.

Patrons of a Long Island telephone line complained of a buzzing on the wires and a trouble hunter was sent out to locate the difficulty. He located it and he did something else, for he found that a swarm of bees had made a hive in the connection box on a telephone pole. The trouble hunter worked for hours and finally routed the bees with a fire extinguisher. He was badly stung, but he was rewarded by ten pounds of honey stored in the connection box.

Takes City Directory's Place.

How the telephone book is displacing the directory is illustrated by complaints in Brooklyn, which has no city directory now, that it is hard to find the address of persons living there unless they have a telephone. Of course everybody of consequence ought to have telephone service now, but all of those who can't are of consequence to themselves, and many of them are of consequence to others. Moral: Live out in the country, where everybody knows you.—Boston Daily Globe.

United States Leads World.

There are in the United States today more than thirteen and three-quarter millions of telephones. This is an average of 12.7 telephones for every 100 persons or, put another way, better than one telephone for every eight people. From a telephone standpoint this country is by far the best developed in the world. In fact, no other country is even a close second.

CORNWALL LAND OF FAIRIES

People of That English County Firmly Believe in Existence of the "Little People."

A Cornish handbook recently published mentions that there are five distinct varieties of fairies in Cornwall and enumerates them as follows: The "Small People," who were supposed to be the pre-Christian inhabitants; these are gradually fading away.

The "Spriggans," attached to cairns, cromlechs and other ancient monuments, with which it was unlucky to meddle.

The "Piskies," full of mischief and finding great joy in leading mortals astray.

The "Buccans," spirits of the mines, associated in local legend with men from the East, doomed to work underground until the Resurrection.

The "Brownies," kindly and good, the spirits of the household, ever ready to do what they could to assist mankind.

There are numerous legends of the adventures of mortals with these fairies and only a few years ago men returning from Redruth, Truro, Penzance and some other market town would turn their coats inside out before venturing to cross the wild moors or downs, in order to guard against being led away by the Piskies.

Once a miner, working in one of the levels, heard his name called distinctly. He was afraid to follow the voice and went on with his work. His name was called again and this time more vehemently. The miner threw down his hammer and went to investigate. Almost immediately a mass of rock fell on the spot where he had been working. The warning had saved his life.

The Buccans or Knockers were so feared at one time that people who had to pass a disused mine after dark took special precautions to prevent their presence being known.

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